

Honorable Donald M. Middlebrooks
United States District Court Judge
701 Clematis Street
West Palm Beach, FL 33401

October 18, 2018

To Judge Middlebrooks,

I am writing on behalf of my cousin, Justin Wayne, whom I've known for 39 of my 40 years of life (I'm one year older than him). Justin is the kindest, most gentle soul and I feel terrible for the trouble he has gotten himself into.

The Justin I know is a generous, caring and thoughtful man who cares deeply about the ties of family. Despite Justin growing up in Hawaii, and I, in New York, we saw each other often. Justin, just like his parents, Hope and Jeff, are what my uncles refer to as "good family people." To them this means Hope and Jeff believe very strongly in the importance of close family relationships, and instilled this value in Justin. The Waynes visited New York frequently and maintained close ties with our large extended family. I also visited them in Hawaii. As Justin and I are only one year apart, and spent a lot of time together, especially when we were both living in Florida.

Growing up Justin was a large than life person to me. He was tall, good-looking, extremely bright, and a professional baseball player. You might think someone with these traits would be egotistical and aloof; but Justin always disarmed people with his smile and generosity. In our single days, I loved introducing him to friends of mine because he truly had it all. SO much so that I introduced him to my closet friend and they dated briefly (and only didn't last because of the distance). Justin was (and still is) the guy who held the door open for women, always picked up the bill, and was always there when you needed someone to talk to. He is kind and caring and compassionate. Despite his good looks and impressive bio, Justin was never the guy interested in quick flings with girls. From our early twenties, Justin longed for a deep connection and relationship. He knew he wanted to be a good husband and father. Likewise, when I was finding my way in my 20s, Justin is who I would call when I needed advice or support. Whether it was about dating, or when I was debating going back to school for social work, Justin was always there. He was always so thoughtful and showed good judgment.

I'll never forget the first day Justin pitched in the major leagues. It was against the NY Mets, which couldn't have been more convenient as the majority of our family resides in NY and attended. After the excitement of the game, Justin invited my sister and I to go out with him that evening. I clearly remember meeting up with him at the Grand Hyatt in NYC, and listening as many famous, major league baseball players asked him to join them for a night out. I wouldn't have begrudged him should he have gone, after all, he finally made it! This was his first night in the major league, surrounded by big time athletes! But Justin politely declined

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stating he wanted to spend time with his cousins. I still feel honor and pride now as I think about that. It's funny the things you remember....I remember his opening the door for us, insisting on picking up the bill, but most of all his easy-going and warm nature.

Which leads me to now. It's hard for me to reconcile these thoughts of Justin with the trouble he's gotten himself into. As a licensed clinical social worker and psychoanalytically trained psychotherapist, I can clinically say Justin does not possess any of the character traits typically associated with one who commits a crime. He is far from narcissist; he is kind, warm, thoughtful and generous. He is a selfless husband to his wife and father to his two children, always looking out for their best interests. A few years ago when I was having trouble with my newborn daughter's colic, Justin was who I called for advice and support, just as I have for the past 30 years.

He was always sensitive and what my family called "an emotional ball player." I recall them saying that if he was less emotional, and didn't think as much, maybe he would have had a longer baseball career. That was what I personally loved about Justin, he has always had a huge heart. The only thing that makes sense to me is that his fall from baseball broke his heart. Justin has struggled to find work that was meaningful for him in the years since baseball. He's never been one to care about fancy things...cars and clothes are not important to him. His primary love is for his family, and I can only speculate that the mistakes he made were in trying to provide for them.

Thank you for this opportunity to share with you the Justin whom I know and love.

Sincerely,
Tracy Brown